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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

ZOOT!

by **ANDREW and ROGER LANGRIDGE** • EDITS BY **GROTH** (ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES)

Inframation: ANDREW LAYS IT ON THE LINE POUR VOUS!

THE REDOUBTABLE TARQUIN ~ 1, 16, 23
THE REDOUBTABLE TARQUIN SAYS: 'DOLLS ARE SCARY'.

SHORT STORY TRIPTYCH ~ 2

THIS IS AN OLD SCRIPT, WRITTEN JUST AFTER *ART d'ECCO #1* AND ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR A PROPOSED ONE-SHOT CALLED 'BLUE MURDER'. THE IDEA HAD BEEN RATTLING AROUND MY SKULL FOR MANY YEARS BEFORE THAT, BUT ONLY TOOK SHAPE AFTER I READ DEBORAH CAMERON AND ELIZABETH FRASER'S STARTLING *THE LUST TO KILL: A FEMINIST INVESTIGATION OF SEXUAL MURDER* (NYU PRESS, 1987).

AS SOON AS THE SCRIPT WAS FINISHED ITS FLAWS SCREAMED OUT AT ME AND IT HAS SUBSEQUENTLY UNDERGONE FOUR OR FIVE RADICAL REWRITES, LOSING MUCH INTRUSIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND EXPANDING TO THREE SECTIONS ALONG THE WAY.

THROUGHOUT THOSE YEARS THIS STORY WAS A TERRIBLE BURDEN IN MANY WAYS SO IT WAS SOMEWHAT FORTUNATE WHEN ROGER'S DEADLINE PROBLEMS FORCED ME TO OVERCOME MY STAGEFRIGHT AND PENCIL THE DAMNED THING. THANKS TO HIM (AND TERRY) FOR FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS EVEN WHEN THEY SEEMED ARBITRARY AND ABSTRUSE.

THIS IS, OF COURSE, DEDICATED TO ELIZABETH SHORT.

THE JOURNEY HALFWAY 2 ~ 17
THE FIFTH IN A SERIES OF READINGS ...

THE FRIENDLY POOH ~ 22
GOD ONLY KNOWS WHERE THIS ONE CAME FROM.

THE GEOMETRICAL MAN ~ INSIDE BACK COVER
SYD GULLIBLE'S CULT FAVOURITE.

GUNS 'N' WALNUTS ~ BACK COVER
WORDS: JANIS JOPLIN.
PICTURES: ROGER LANGRIDGE.
MATCHMAKERS: MICHAEL WHARTON AND ANDREW LANGRIDGE.
(Dedicated to Gordon Rennie and Martin Emond)

SPECIAL THANKS

TO THE MULTI-TALENTED (HE INKS BACKGROUNDS! HE GRUMBLES! HE INKS MORE BACKGROUNDS!)

Terry Rota

FOR DOING THE GERHARDS ON THIS ISSUE OF ZOOT!

LAST ISSUE YOU SAW ROGER WRITE. THIS ISSUE YOU SEE ANDREW DRAW. NEXT ISSUE YOU CAN SEE TERRY RUN AN EGG AND SPOON RACE.

WRITE TO: ZOOT!
P.O. BOX 56-031,
DOMINION ROAD,
AUCKLAND 3,
NEW ZEALAND

NEW ADDRESS!

CHEAP PLOY

EVERY LETTER GETS A PERSONAL REPLY!

ERNST the FILTHY CAT

Drew Bradley





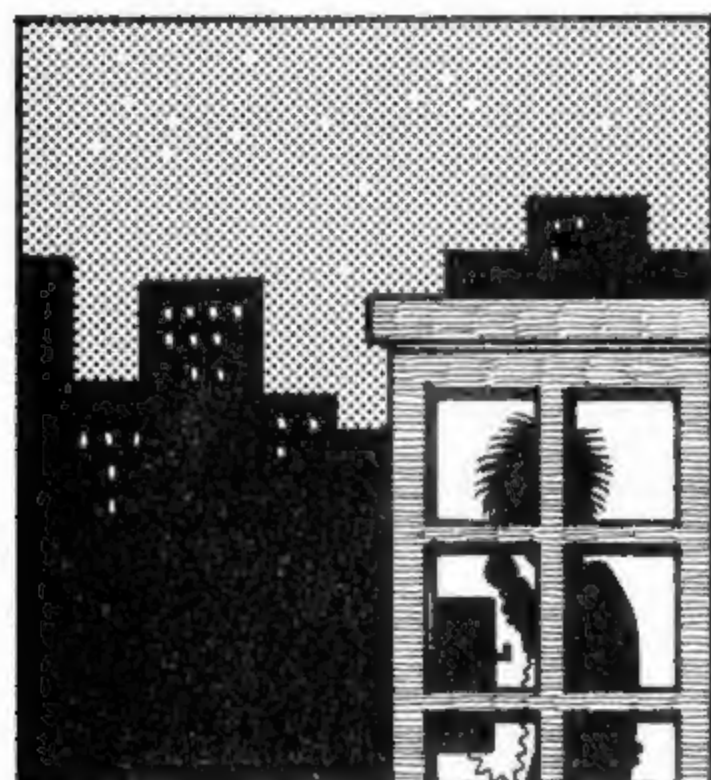
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
The Redoubtable
TARQUIN



Oh my goodness gracious me! It's 2am, I'm all alone in the middle of the city and I've no way of getting home.



I'll have to call Father and get him to pick me up.



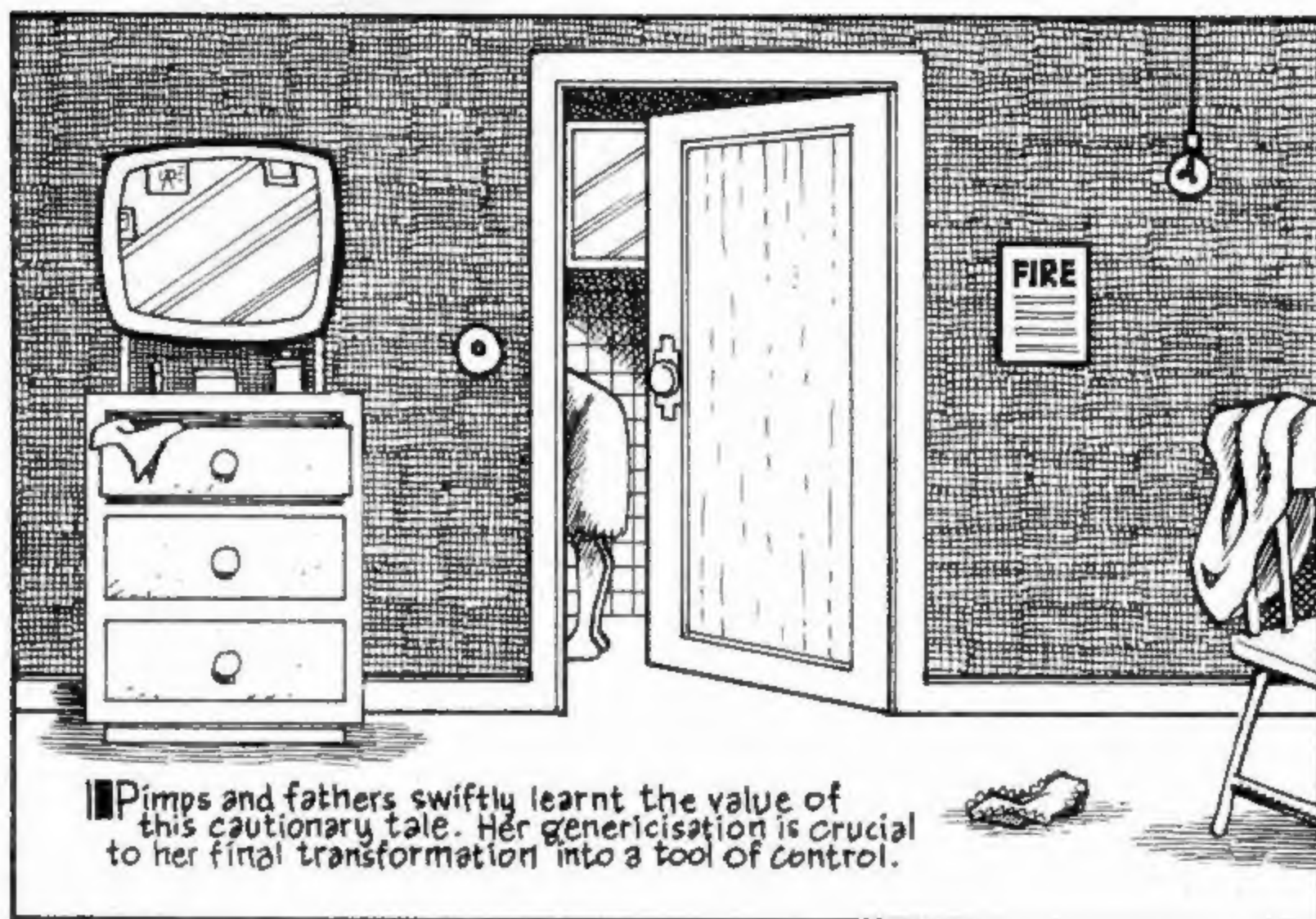
Now what on earth is my phone number?...

Little is known of the life of Elizabeth Short. What is known is a muddle of conjecture, generalisation and sensationalism ~ coloured by gender and afterthought.



Her death is more meticulously documented, but the man who immortalised her did so at the cost of her identity. Her name has been lost in the shuffle.

Her sobriquet makes her generic. She is everywoman; her fate is everywoman's.



Pimps and fathers swiftly learnt the value of this cautionary tale. Her genericisation is crucial to her final transformation into a tool of control.

SHORT STORY



Nowhere can Elizabeth's voice be heard. On that Saturday morning (or Friday evening) she was struck dumb.

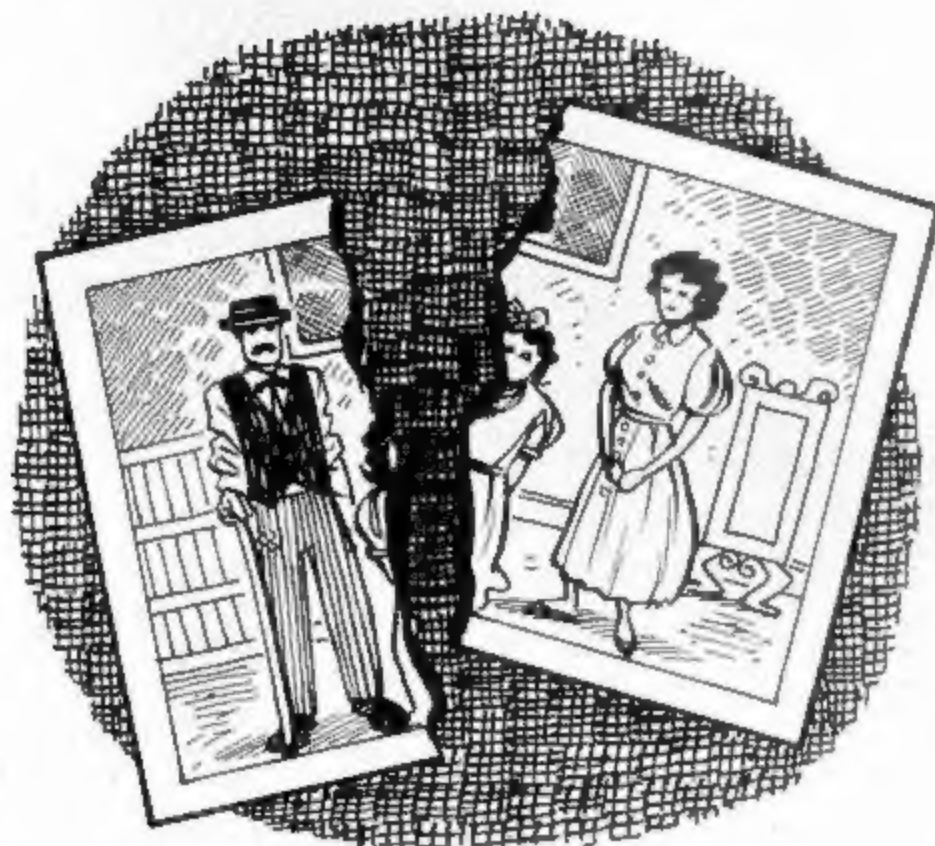
Few care to document the lives of ordinary citizens and by the time the ordinary become extraordinary it is often too late.



"Killed a girl today. It
was nice and hot."

~DIARY ENTRY BY
FREDERICK BAKER, 1867

This much is clear. She was born in Medford, Massachusetts in 1925.



Her parents separated in 1931 and Elizabeth was raised by her mother.

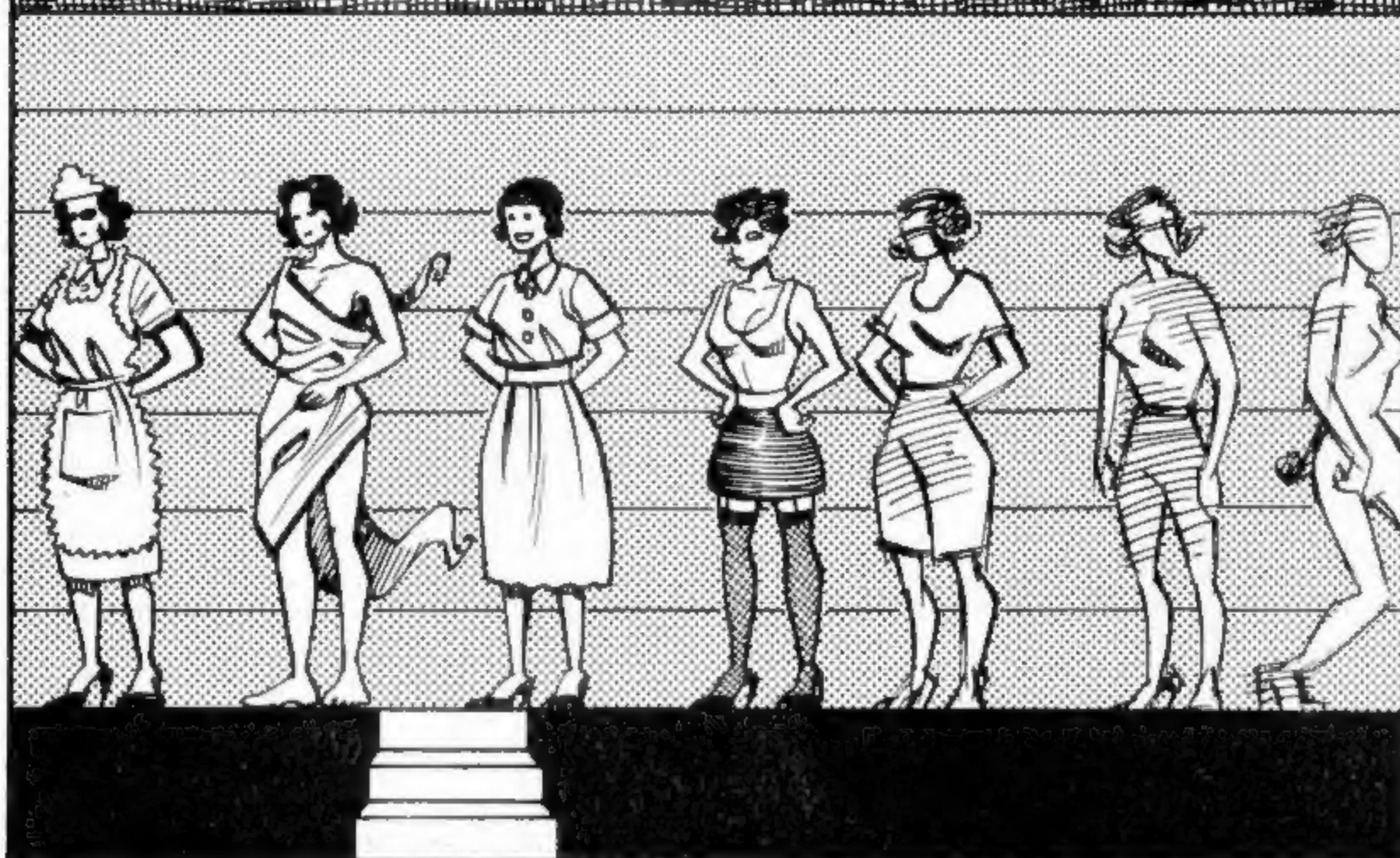
At age 17 she began to wander. To Florida, to California, to Illinois, to Massachusetts, to California.



Richmond, Santa Barbara, Long Beach, San Diego, Los Angeles.

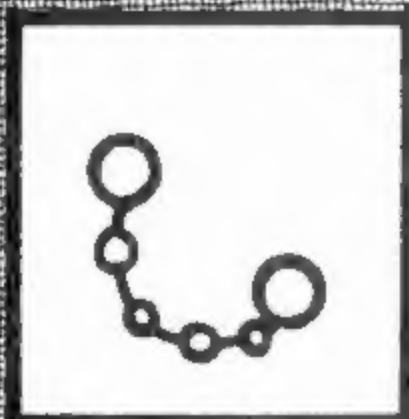


She was a waitress, a model, a hostess for the US Post Exchange at Camp Cooke, and briefly (September '43) a juvenile delinquent.



While working at Camp Cooke, Elizabeth lived for a time with an army supply sergeant. Once, he threatened to kill her. He was reported and dispatched.





"The perfect woman is totally controlled. A woman who does exactly what she is told to do and nothing else. There is no sexual problem with a submissive woman. There are no frustrations ~ only pleasure and contentment."

~ JOURNAL OF LEONARD LAKE, c. 1984 ~ MURDERED
OVER 25 PEOPLE IN COLLABORATION WITH CHARLES NG,
VIDEOTAPING MANY OF HIS RAPES AND MURDERS.



He met a Lt. Joseph Fickling

and Air Force Major Matthew Gordon. This latter may have been the love of her life.

When he went overseas Elizabeth left the camp and moved in with WAC Sgt. Mary Stradder who lived in Pismo Beach.



From there to Medford and, inexorably, back to California, an occasional extra waiting for fame like some mythical Lania Turner at a Long Beach drug store.



On August 22 1946, Elizabeth discovered that Major Gordon had been killed in a plane crash.



She clipped the necessary clippings, invented a similarly deceased son, and stepped into her new role as the grieving war widow.



Time passes, and she is to be found in an apartment with seven other women. They may or may not have been prostitutes.

Here homilies on the dangers of 'easy virtue' may be constructed (she Asked For It), guilty consciences assuaged.

"I'd prick them here and there with my knife, and squeeze and pinch to make them quiver with fear. It made me feel good to see the women suffer, and the fear and horror in their eyes fed something in me that was sometimes even more pleasurable than having sex with them."

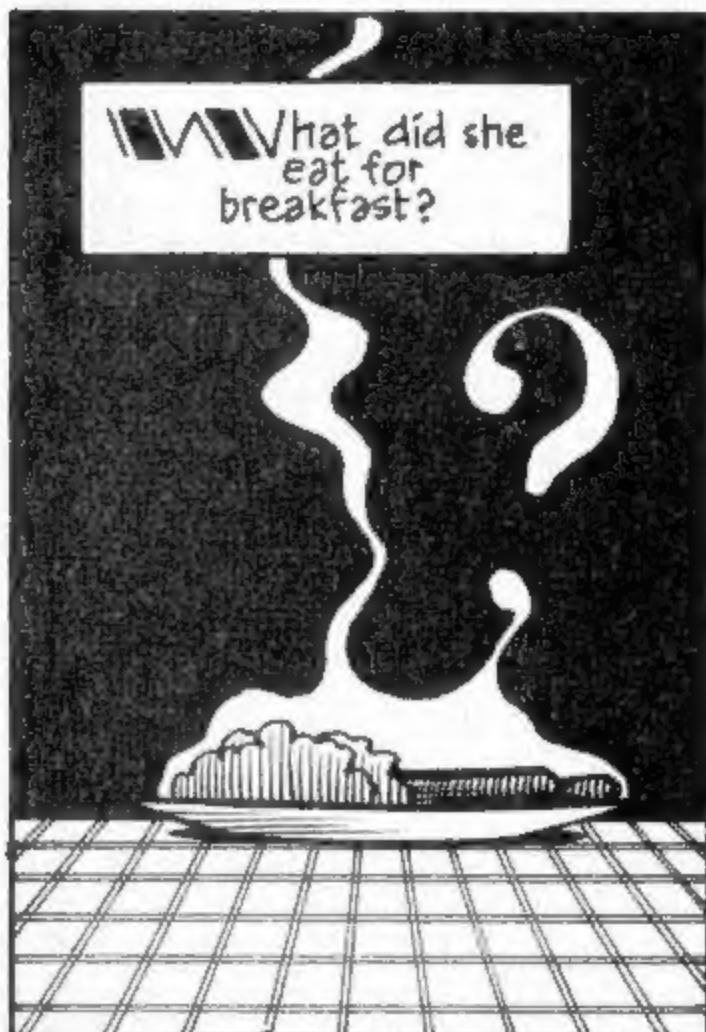
~ JOSÉ SOLANO MARCELINO ~
MURDERER, TORTURER AND RAPIST



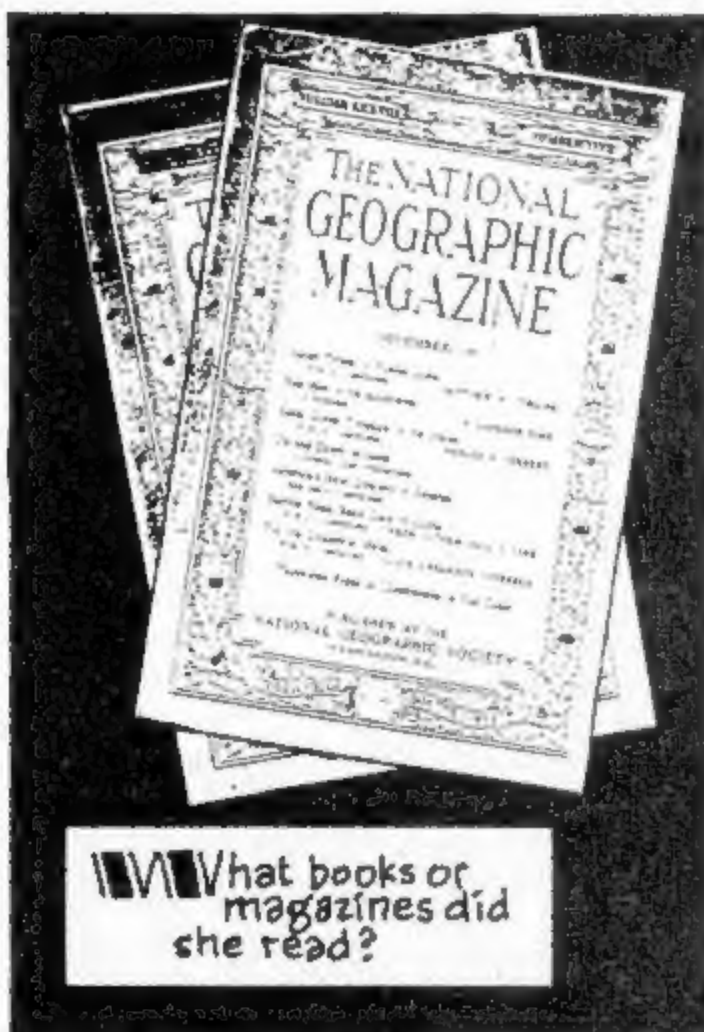


There are rumours that in late 1946 Elizabeth entered the Hollywood lesbian community,

but by the 8th of December she was staying in San Diego with a sympathetic stranger, Dorothy French.



What did she eat for breakfast?



What books or magazines did she read?



Did she contact her parents during this time?



The details of her life are swamped by the details of her death.



One month later a telegram arrived.



She was very happy.



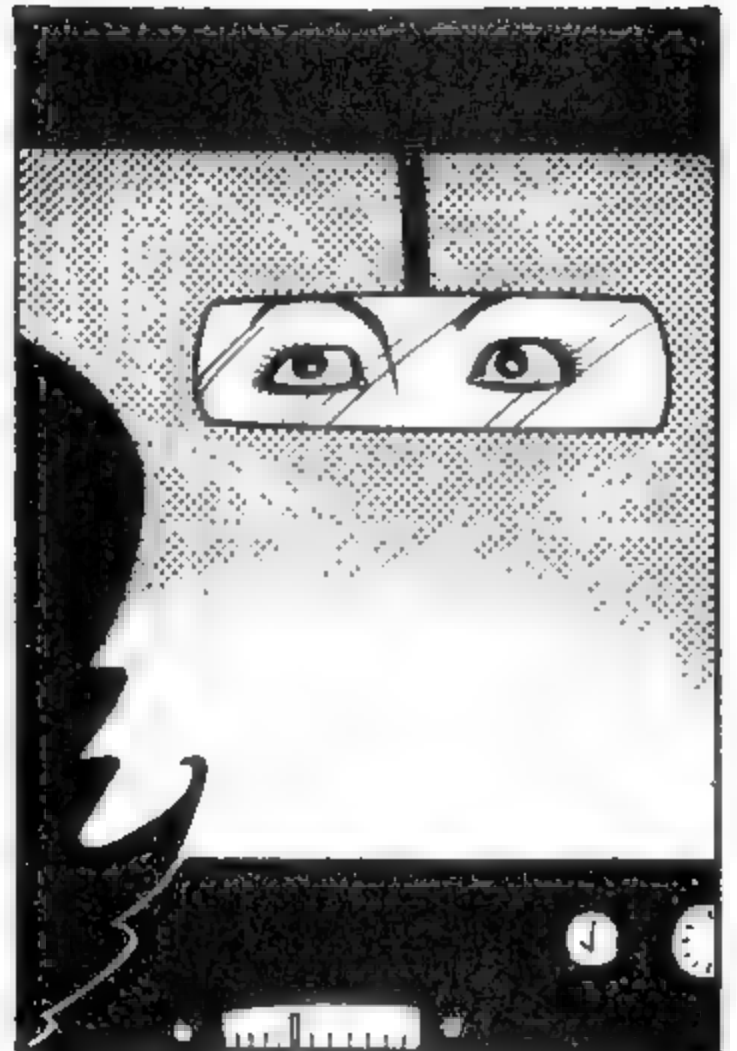
ince this girl in front of him represented not a person, but again the image, or something desirable, the last thing we would expect him to do would be to personalise this person."

~ TED BUNDY (SPEAKING ABOUT HIMSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON)
ON WHY HE TRIED NOT TO TALK WITH HIS VICTIMS.



1

At 7.30 pm on the 8th of January, 1947, a 1940 cream (or was it light tan?) coupé arrived for her. Its red-haired driver was in "a jolly mood".

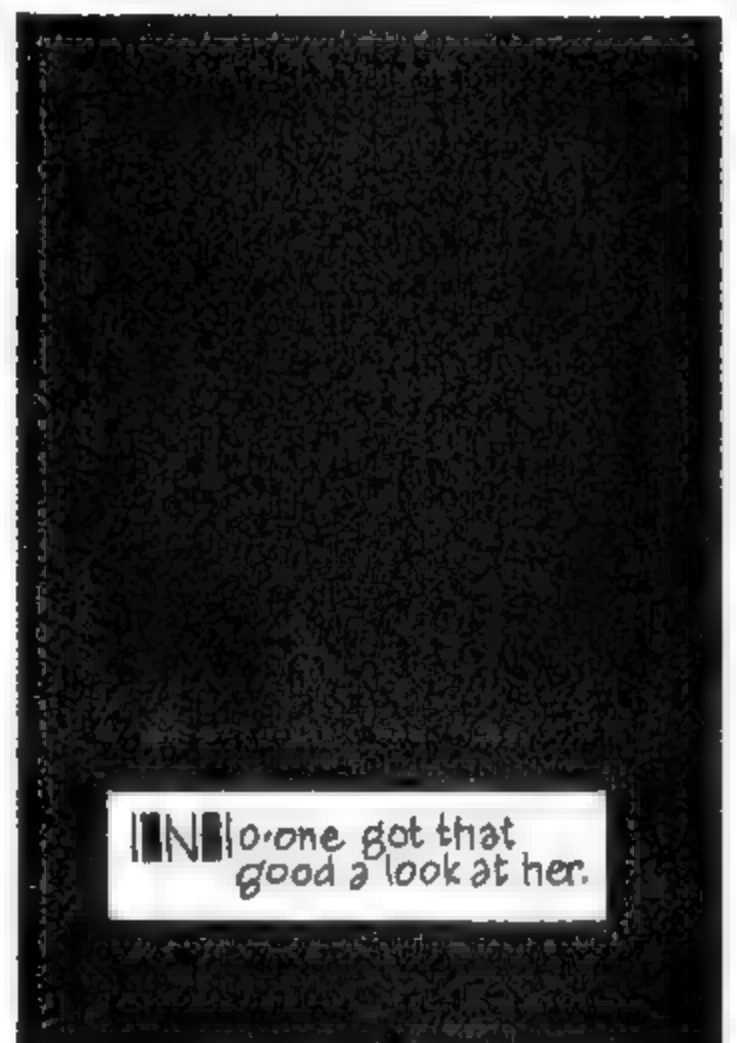


Throughout the next week she was sighted impossibly often.



She may have dyed her hair.

She was often accompanied by 'Red'.

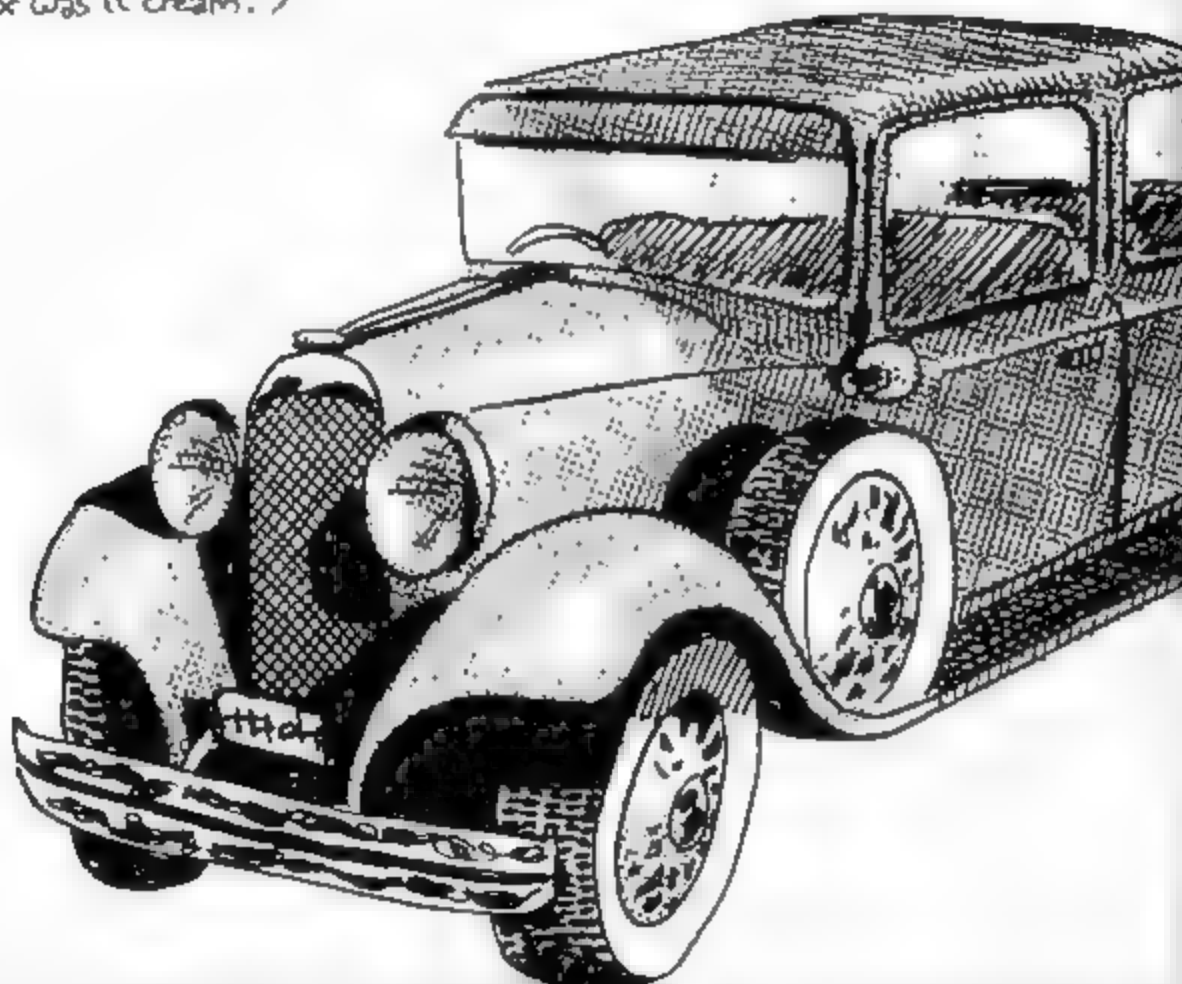


No one got that good a look at her.

The killer would have known her in more pleasant circumstances.

He may have driven an old light ton sedan

(or was it cream?)



In the weeks leading up to the 14th of January he may have bought:



cigarettes,



soap,



a stiff brush,



a small saw,



petrol.



He need not have been physically strong. The body was reduced to manageable chunks.

Some time between
8-45 pm on Tuesday
the 14th of January
and 2-45 am on the
15th, she was
murdered.

The body was found
in a vacant lot on
the Wednesday morning.
Her hair had been
hennaed red.

A rose tattoo had
been gouged out
of the thigh. It was
discovered by the
autopsy deep within
her.

The corpse was
naked. It had been
cut in half. No vital
organs were damaged
by the bisection,
however.

It had been hung
upside down and
bled. The body was
scrubbed clean ~
there was no blood.

The head had been
beaten to mush.
It wore an ear-to-ear
grin. The breasts
were mutilated.

The deceased had
been tied up and
gagged. Cigarette
burns and fetish nicks
had been inflicted.
New initials were carved
into the thigh.

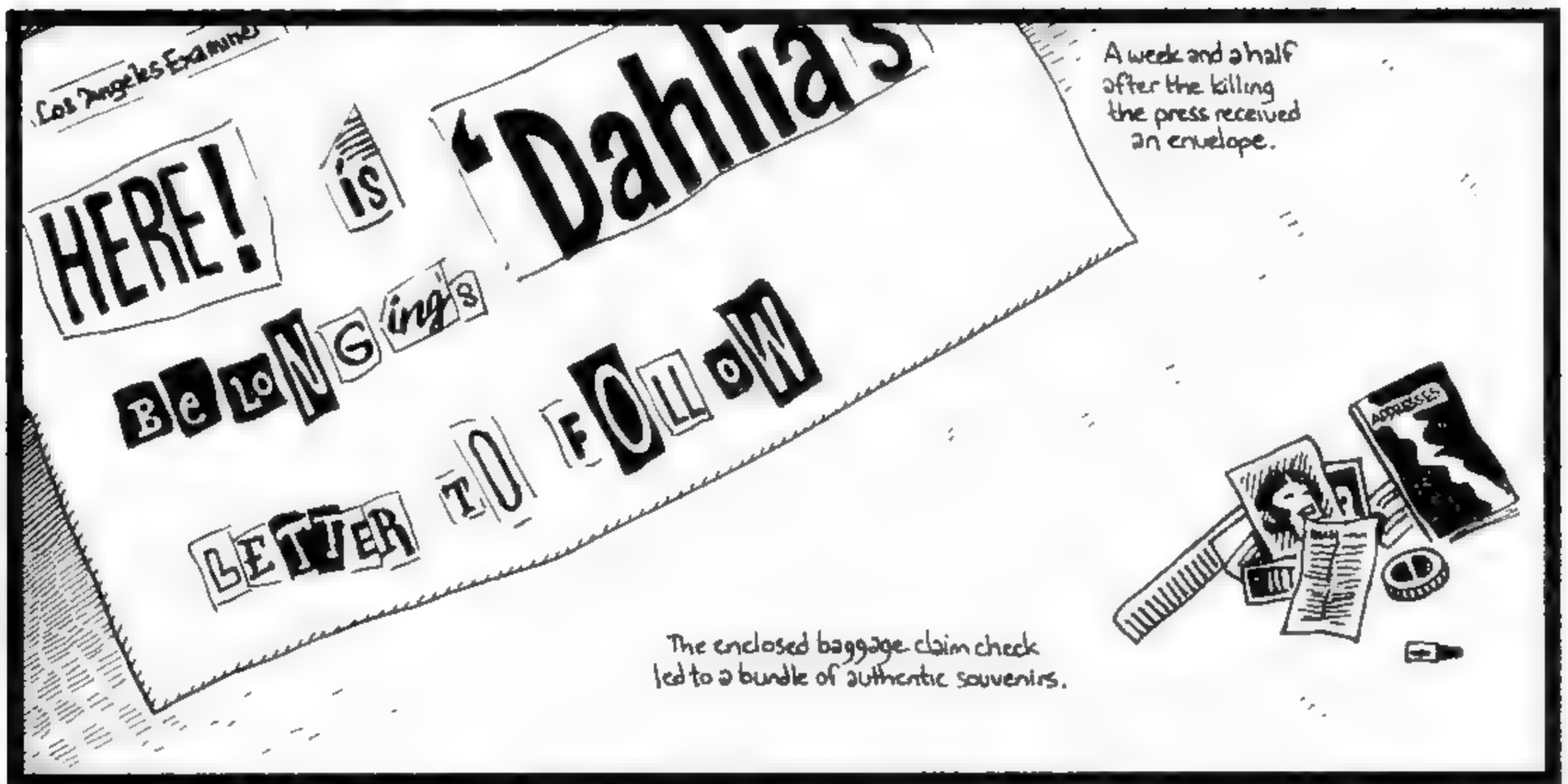
The postmortem
revealed that most
of the injuries had been
inflicted before death.
A torture period of 72
hours was estimated.



'Red' confessed, but was discounted as a suspect by the police.

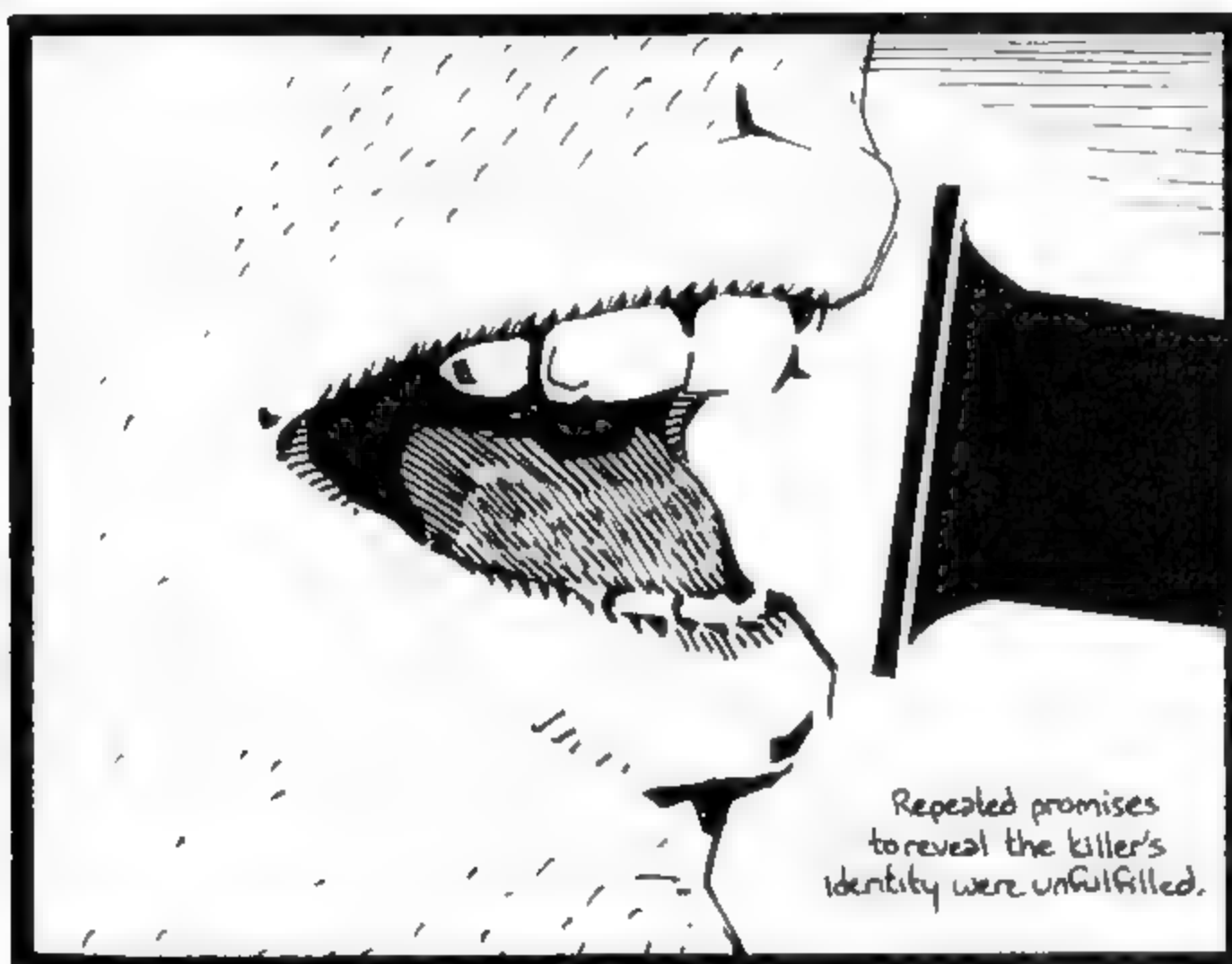


In 1954, his wife had him committed to an asylum.



A week and a half after the killing the press received an envelope.

The enclosed baggage claim check led to a bundle of authentic souvenirs.



Repeated promises to reveal the killer's identity were unfulfilled.



Some of these were pranks - good natured tomfoolery - but at least one was genuine.



"I am down on whores and
I shant quit ripping them
till I do get buckled."

~ 'JACK THE RIPPER', 1888



"Some of the victims were prostitutes,
but perhaps the saddest part of this
case is that some were not."

~ SIR MICHAEL HAVERS, PROSECUTING COUNSEL IN
THE 'YORKSHIRE RIPPER' CASE, 1981



The killer was never found.
He was too clever for the police.

He maybe
alive today.

Perhaps you
know him.

The killer never reoffended (that is to say,
not in the same manner, not in the same skin)

- But what kind of man could conceal
the secret of such violence for 45 years?

Surely such a man must be
extraordinary

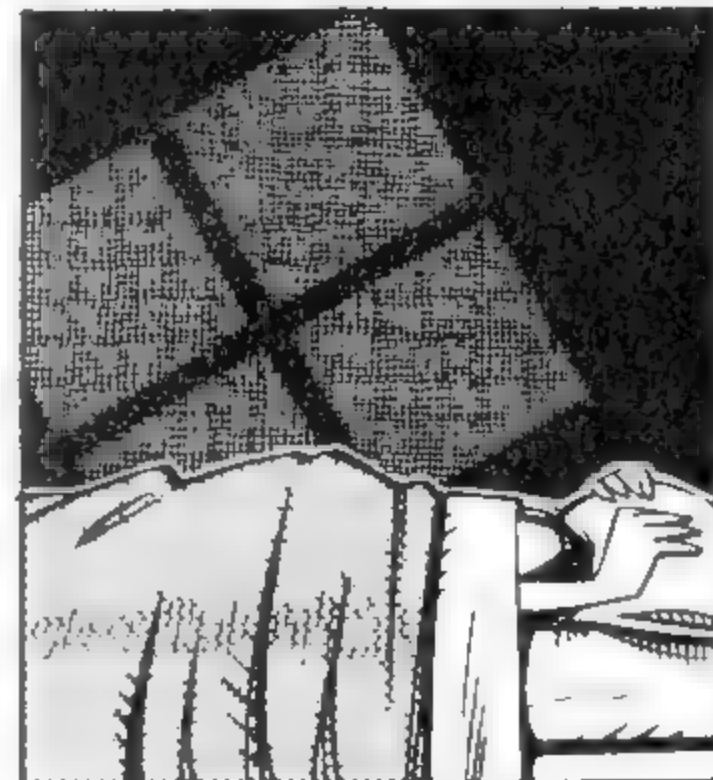
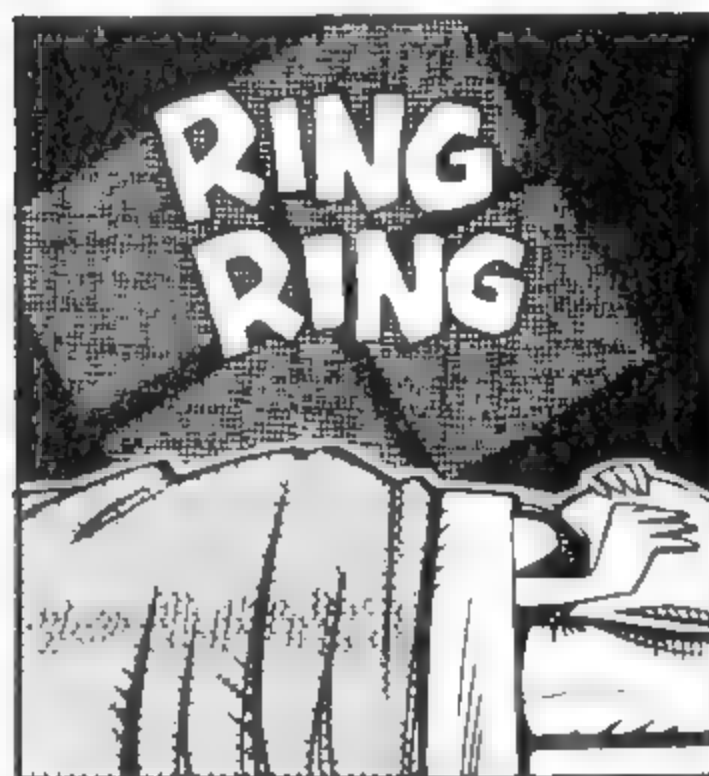
or aberrant,

kept apart by that terrible secret:
his power, his indulgence
of that power.

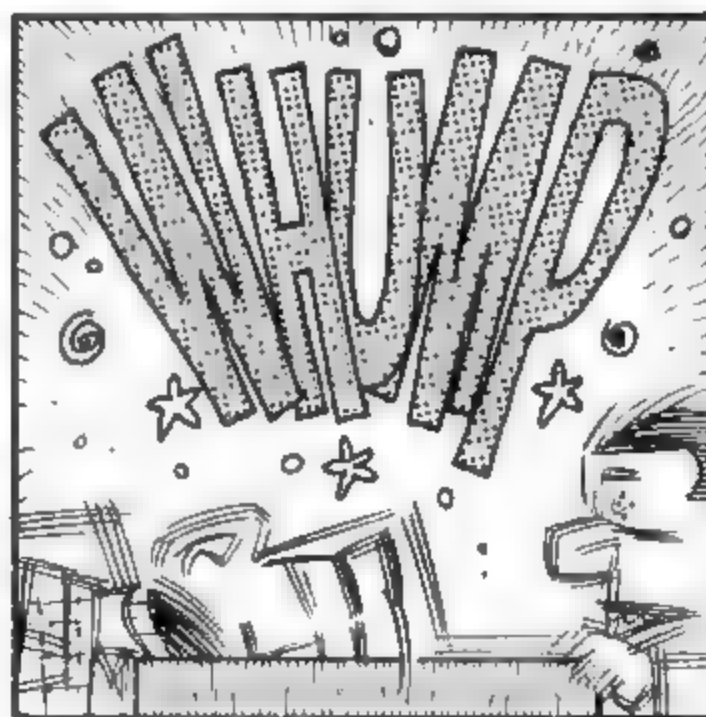
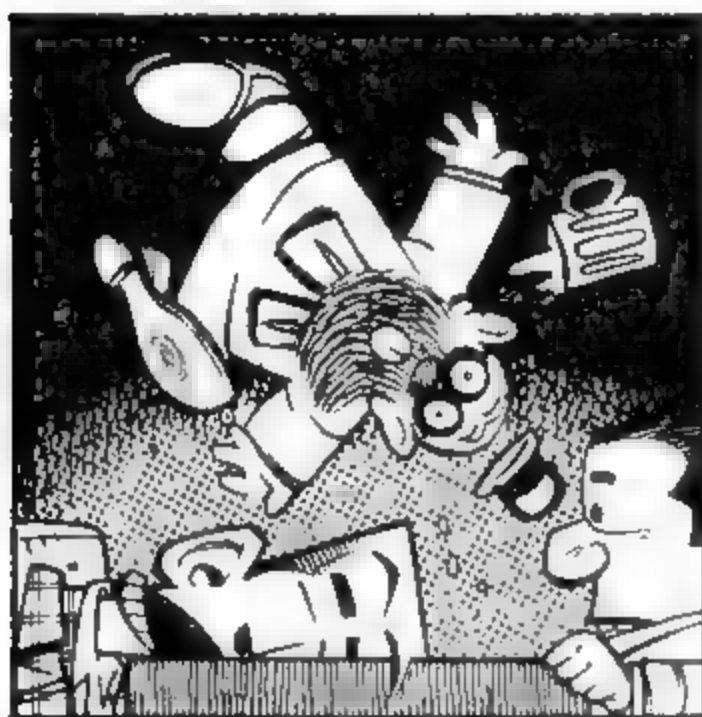
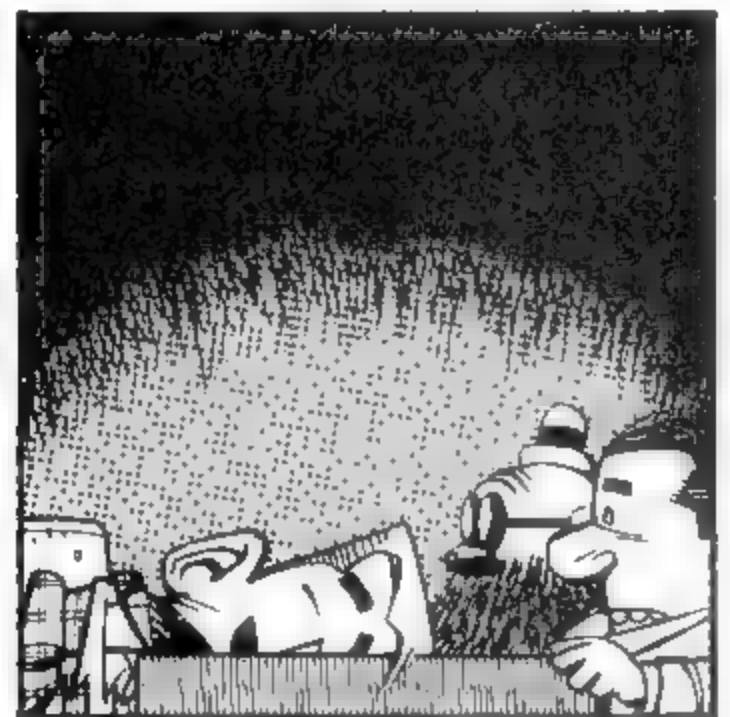
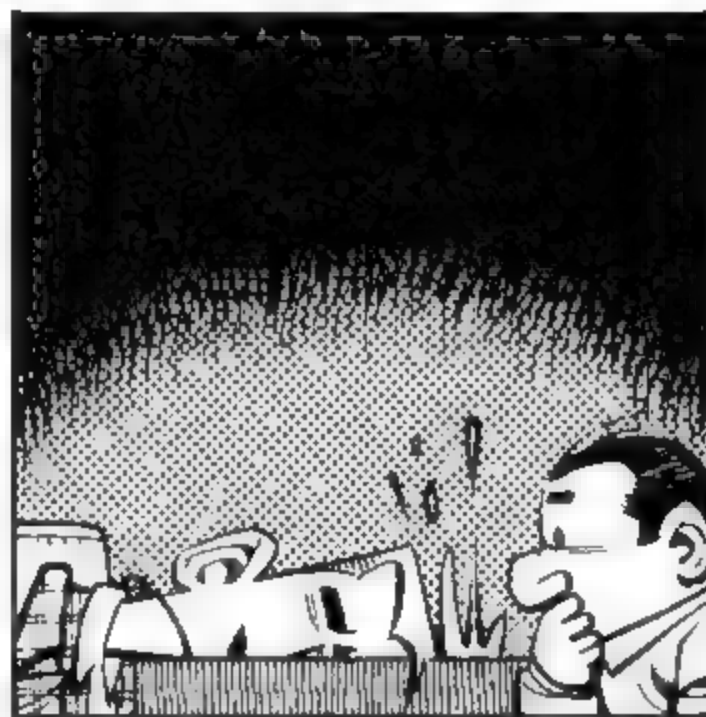
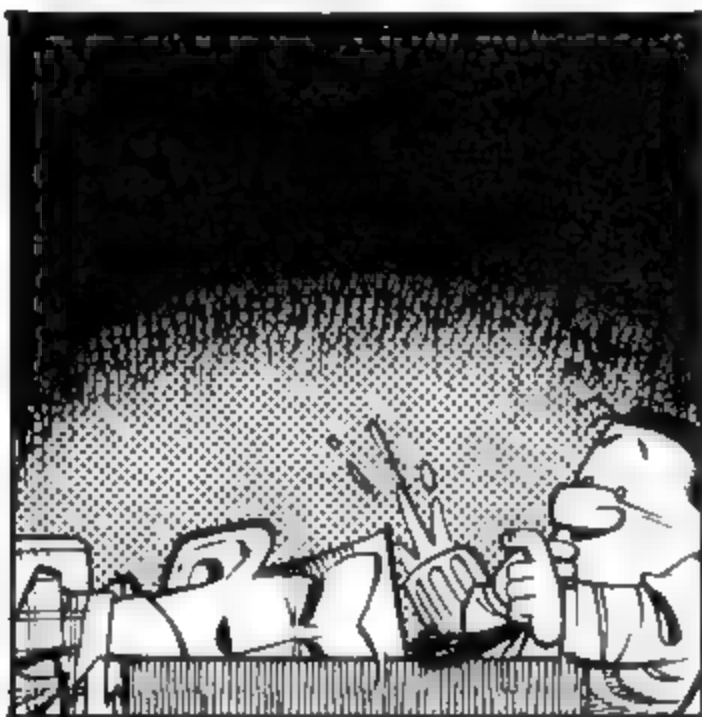
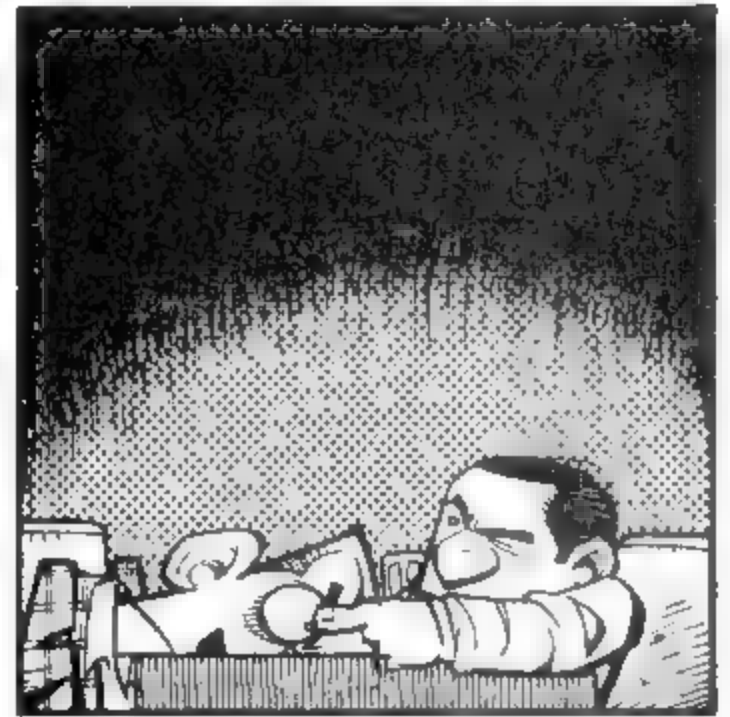
Since 1967 over thirty men
have confessed to the killing.

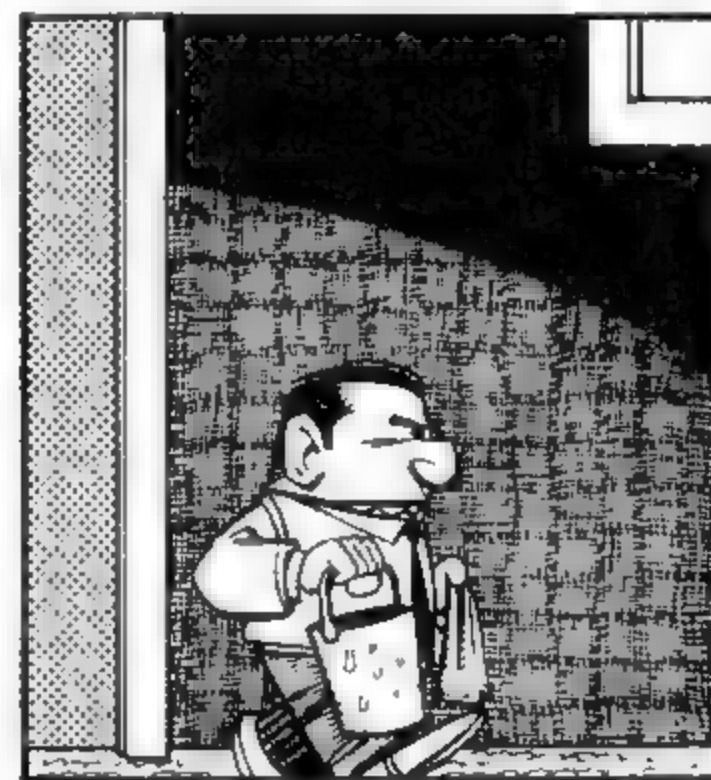
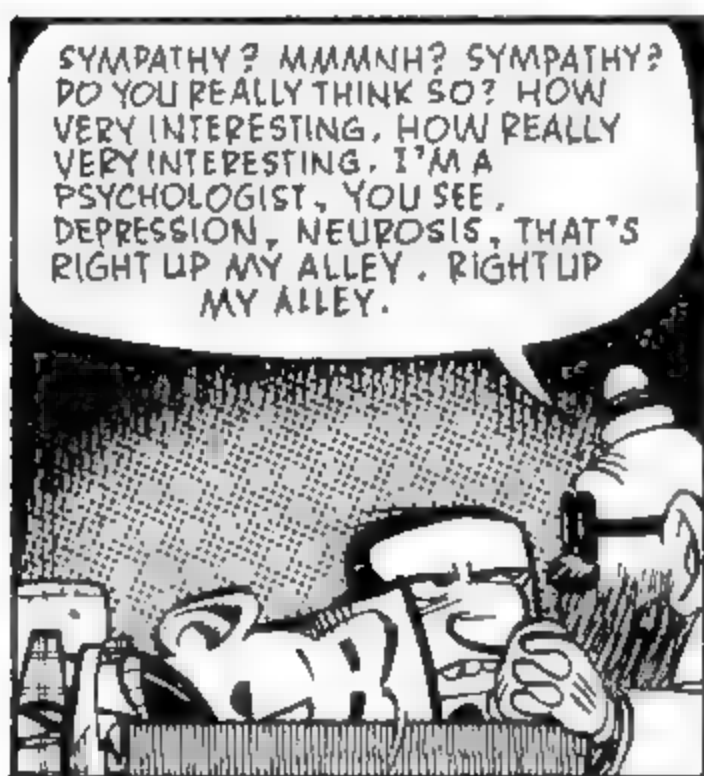
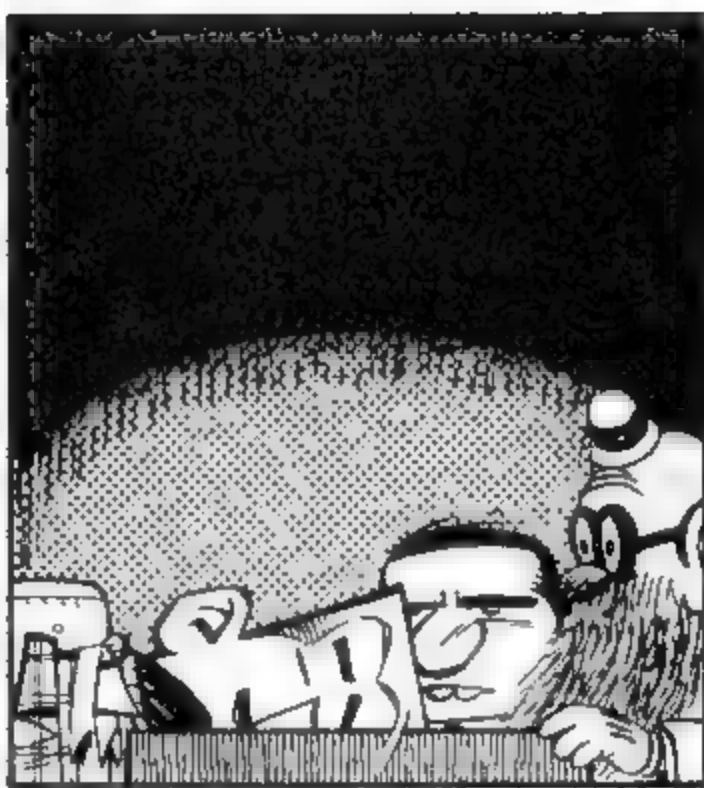
They didn't do it.

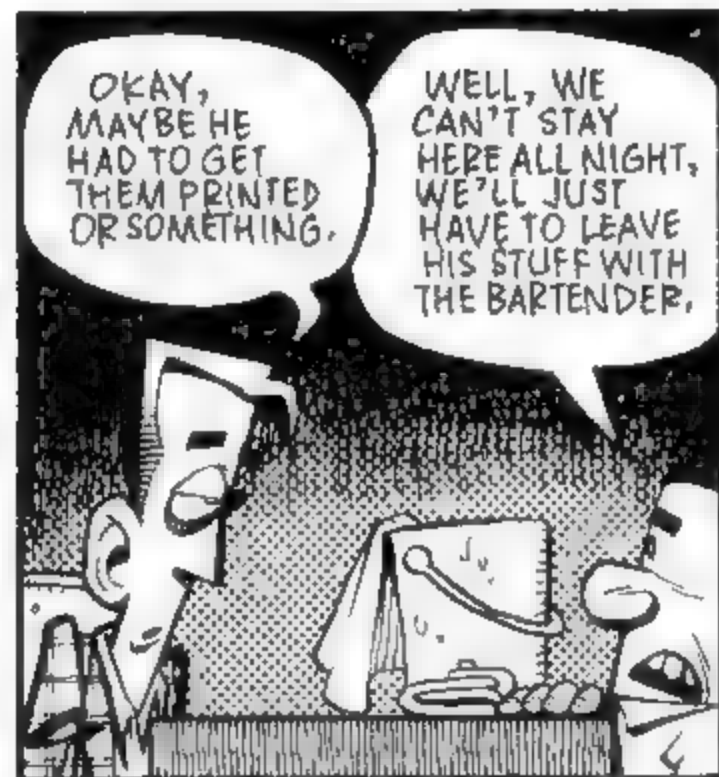
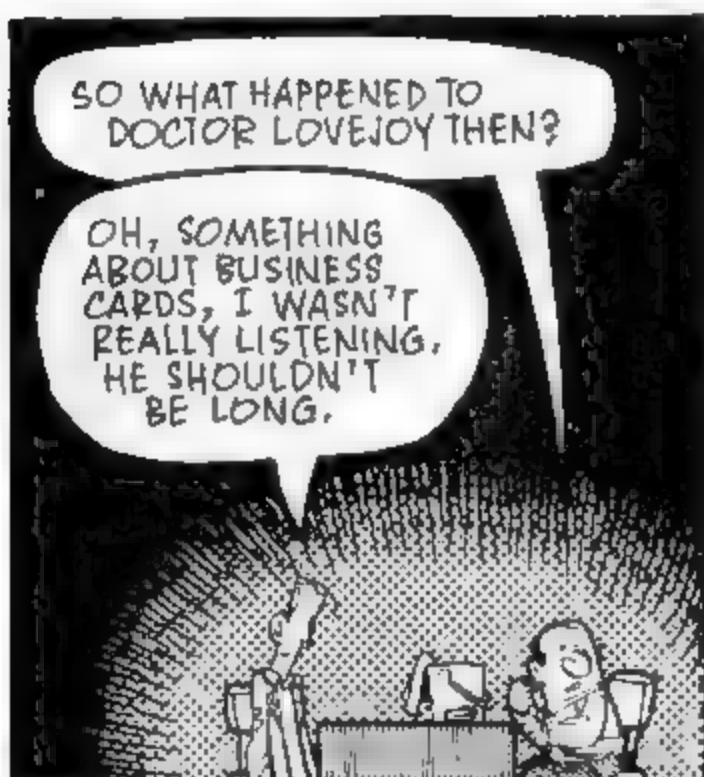
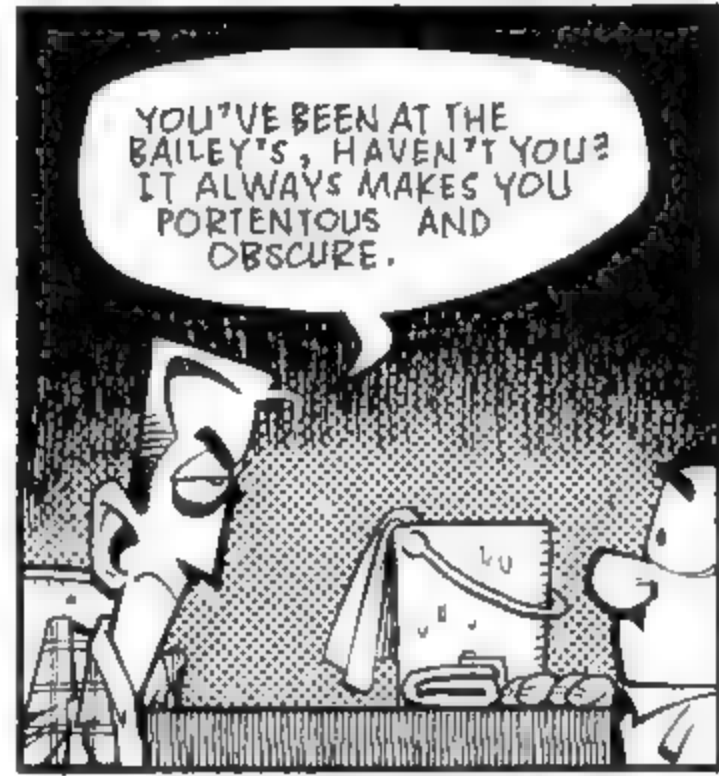
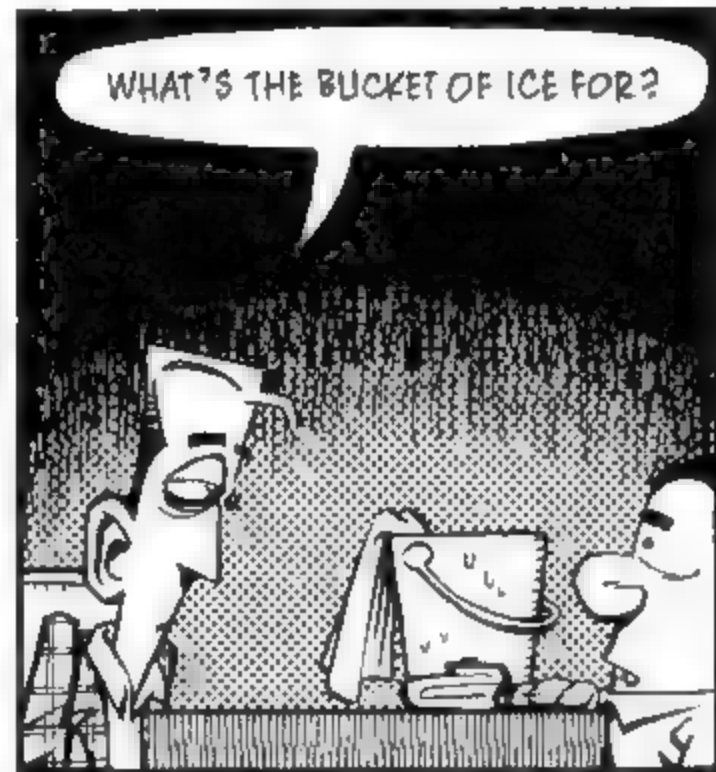
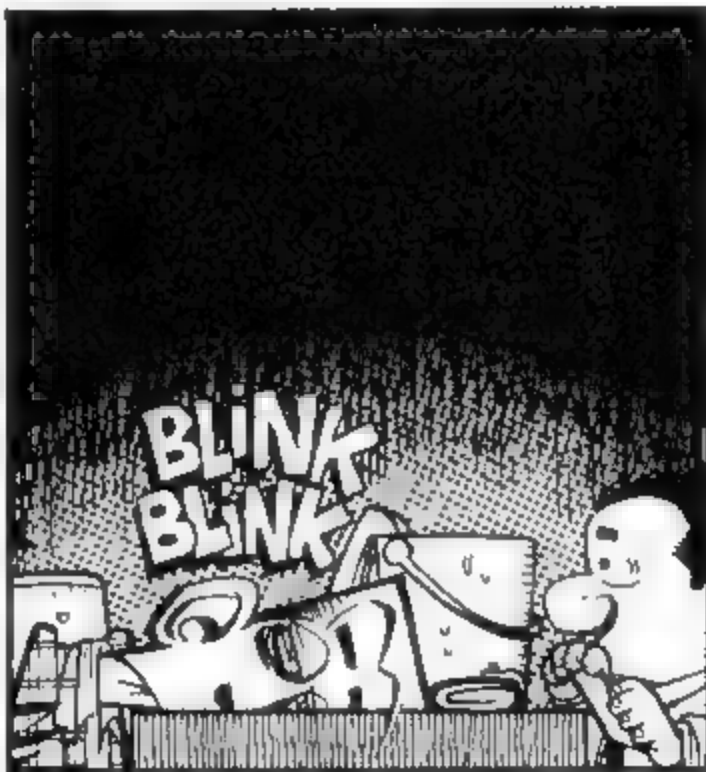
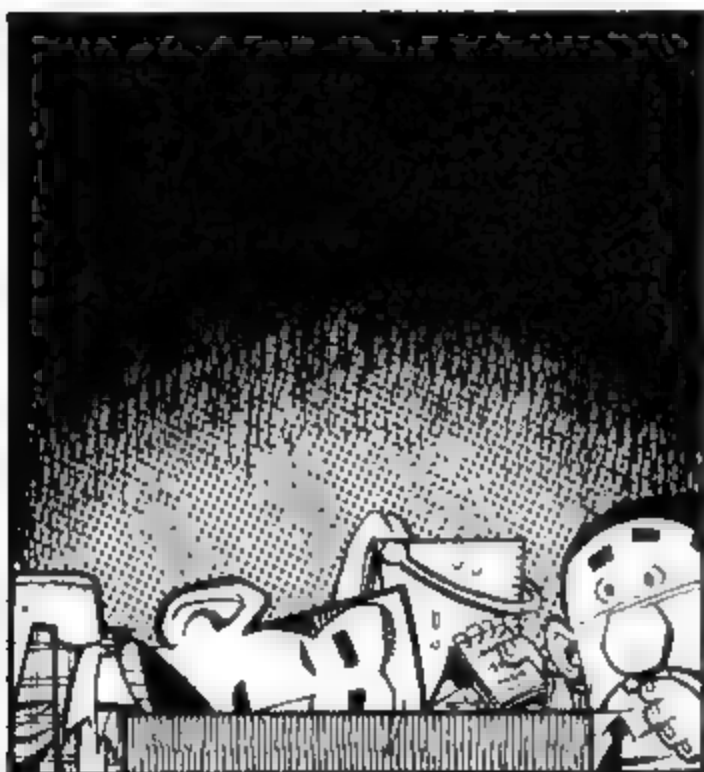
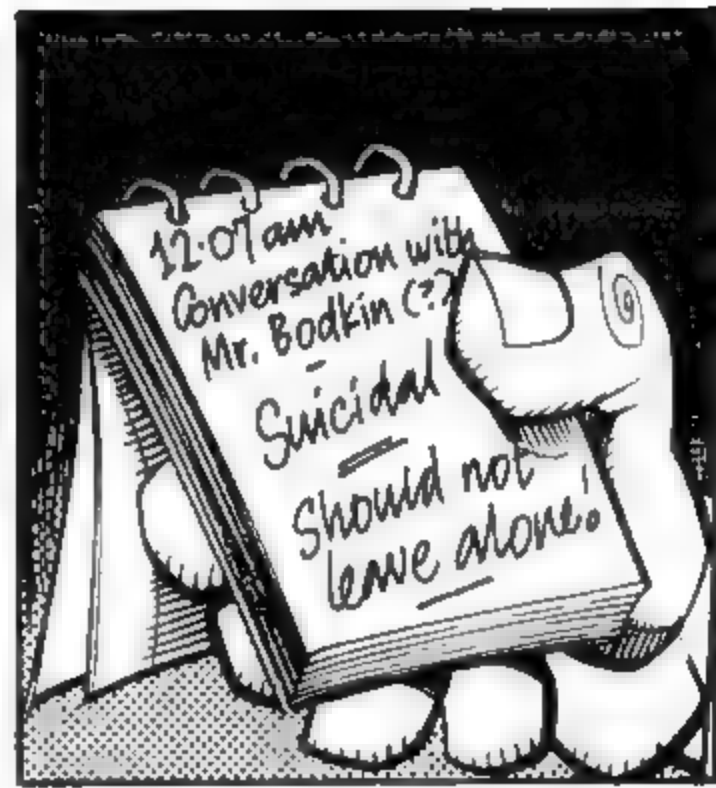
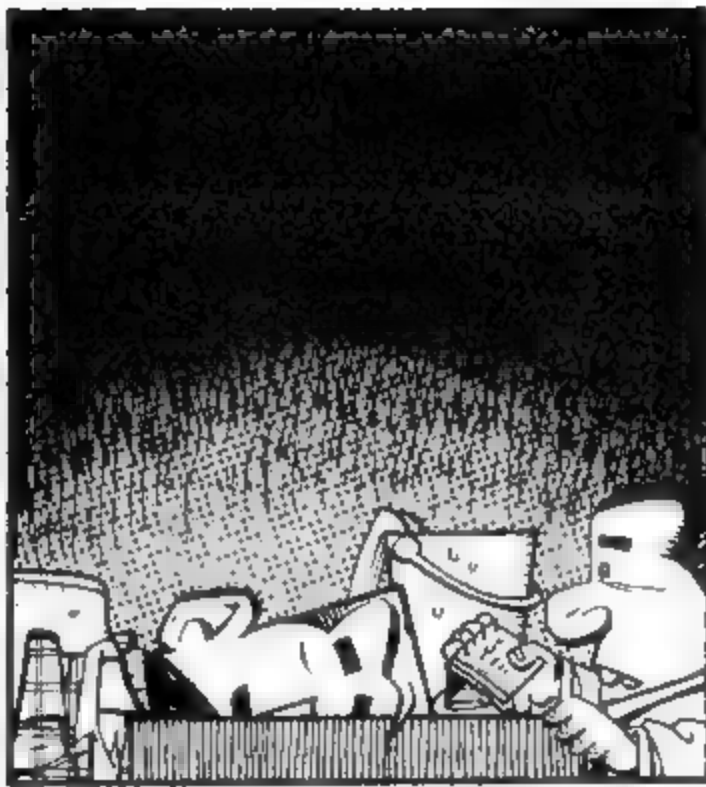
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
The Redoubtable
TARQUIN

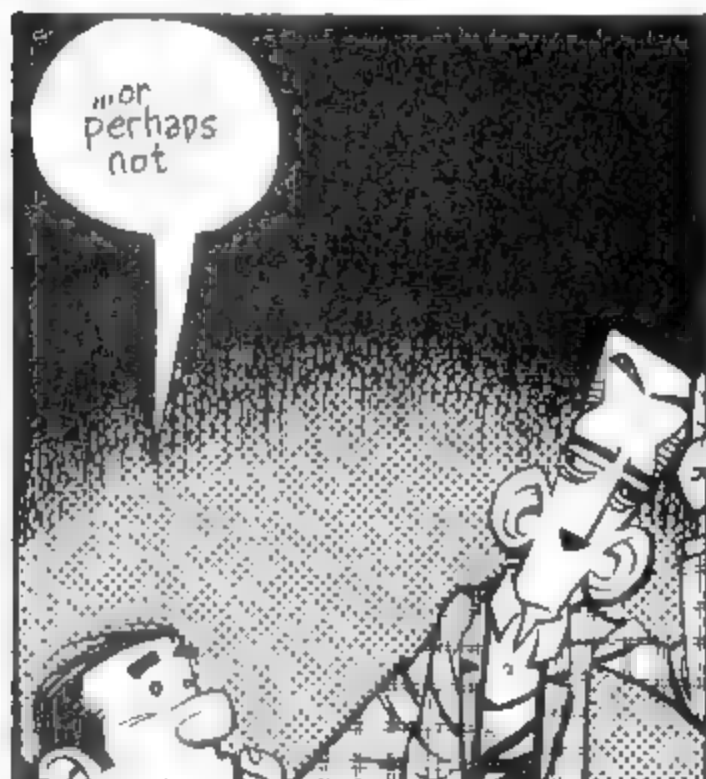
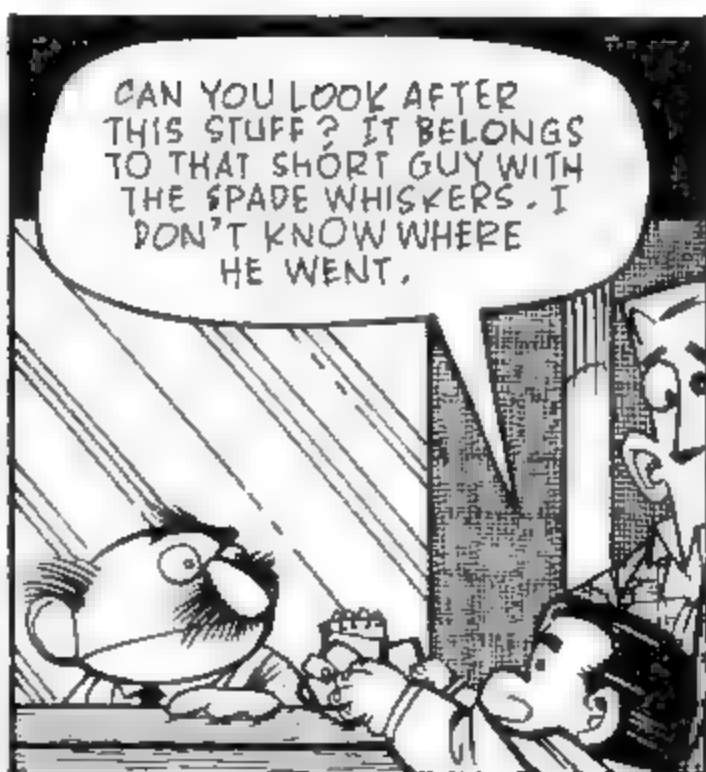
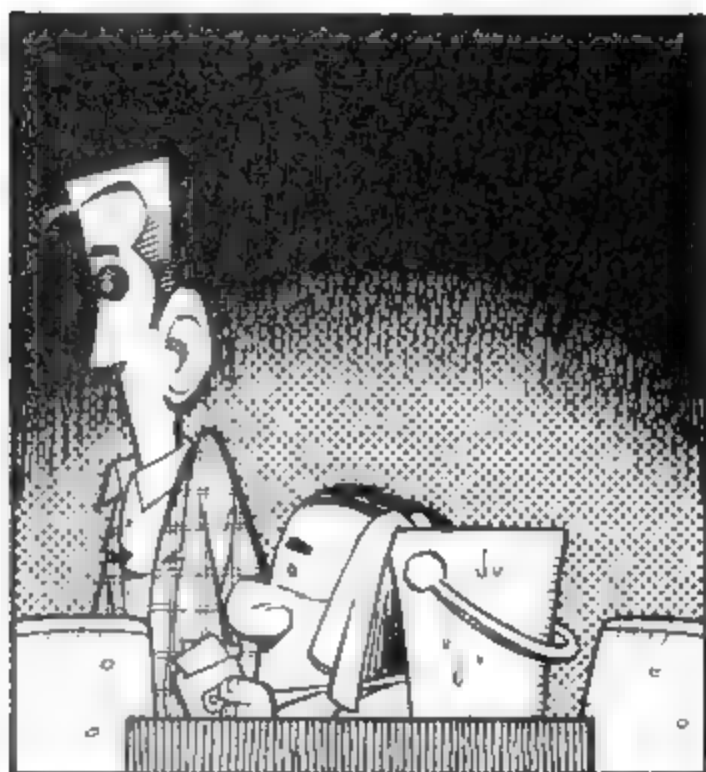
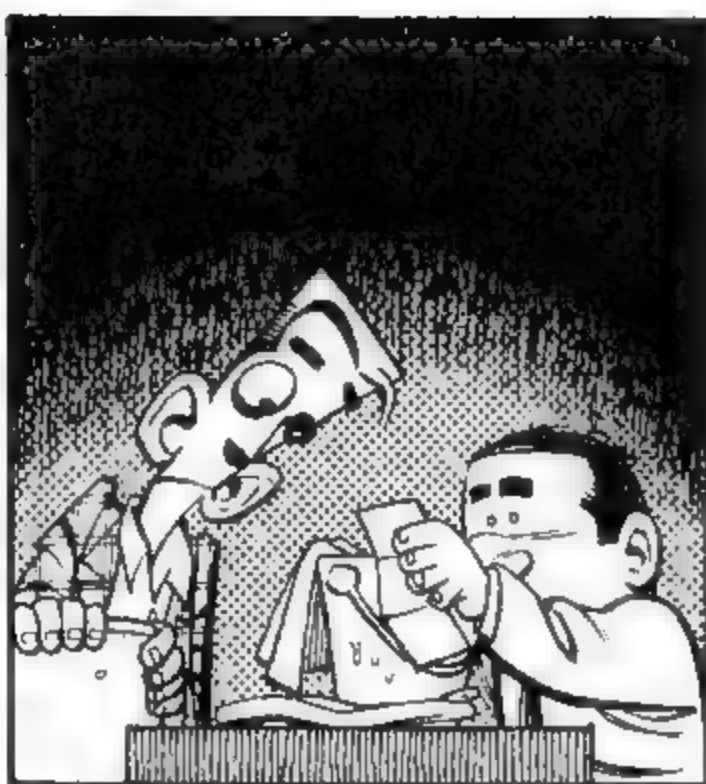
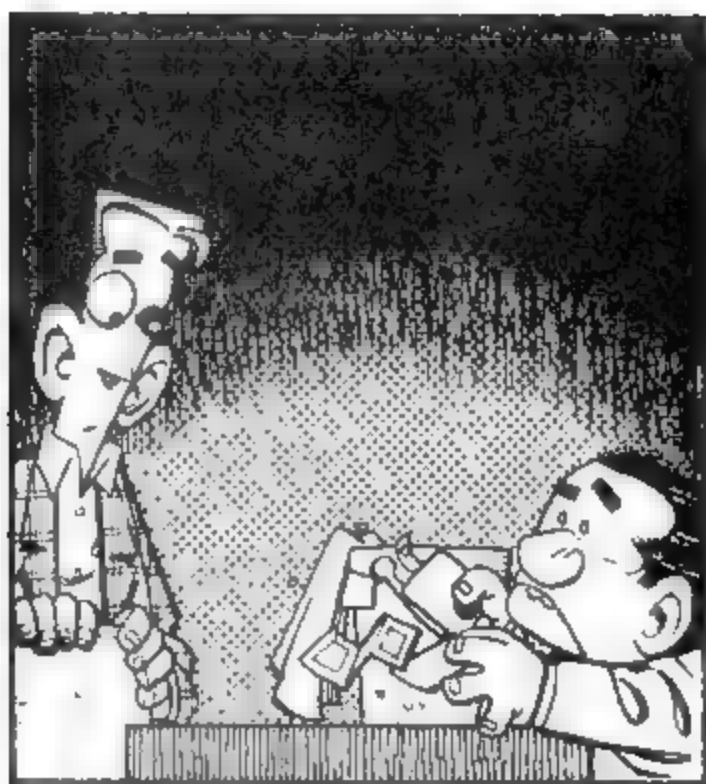


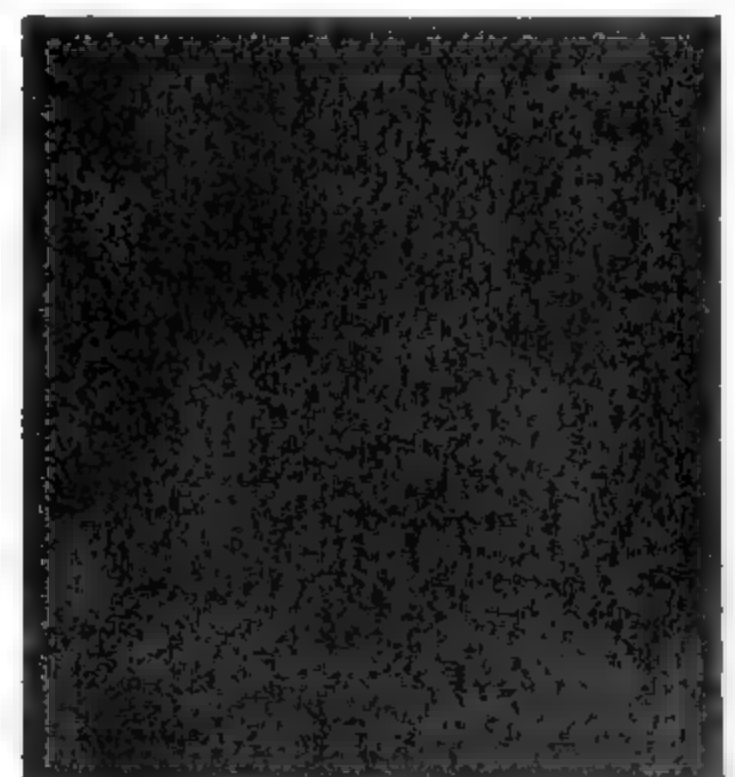
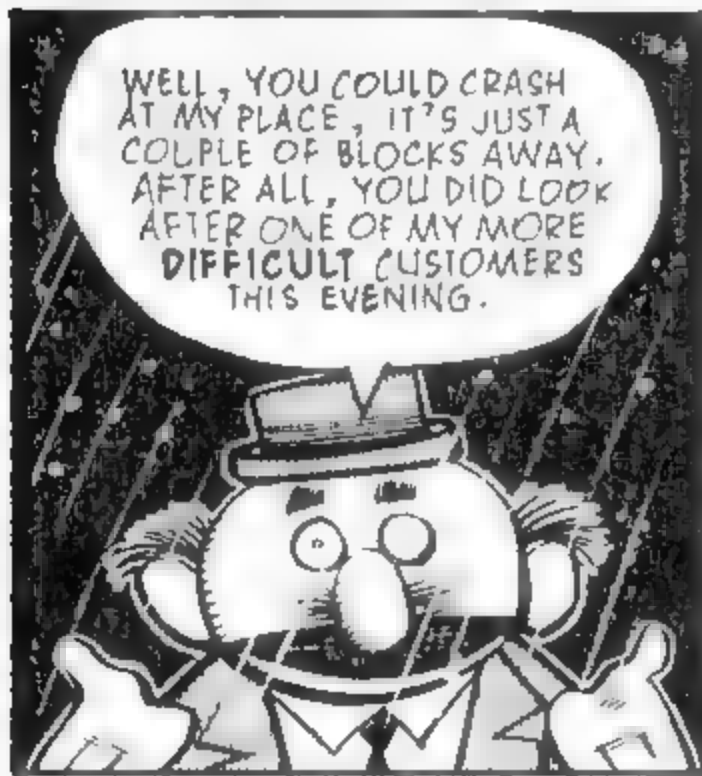
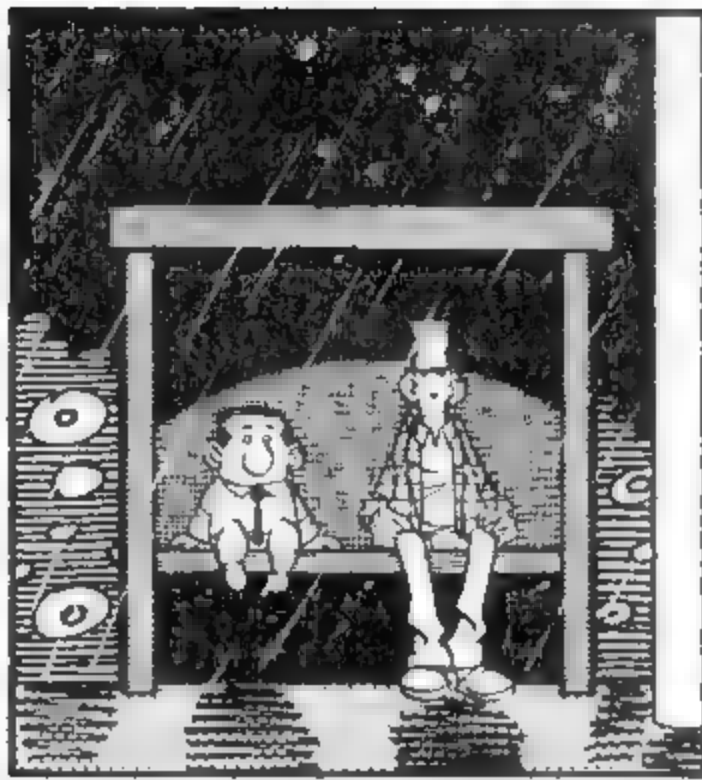
The JOURNEY HALFWAY 2





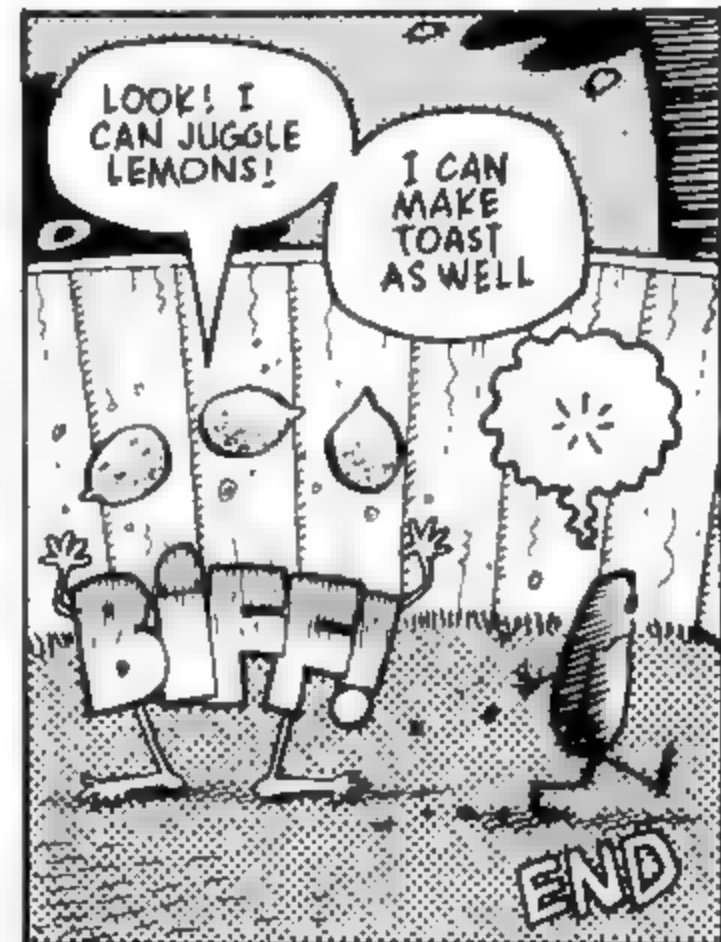
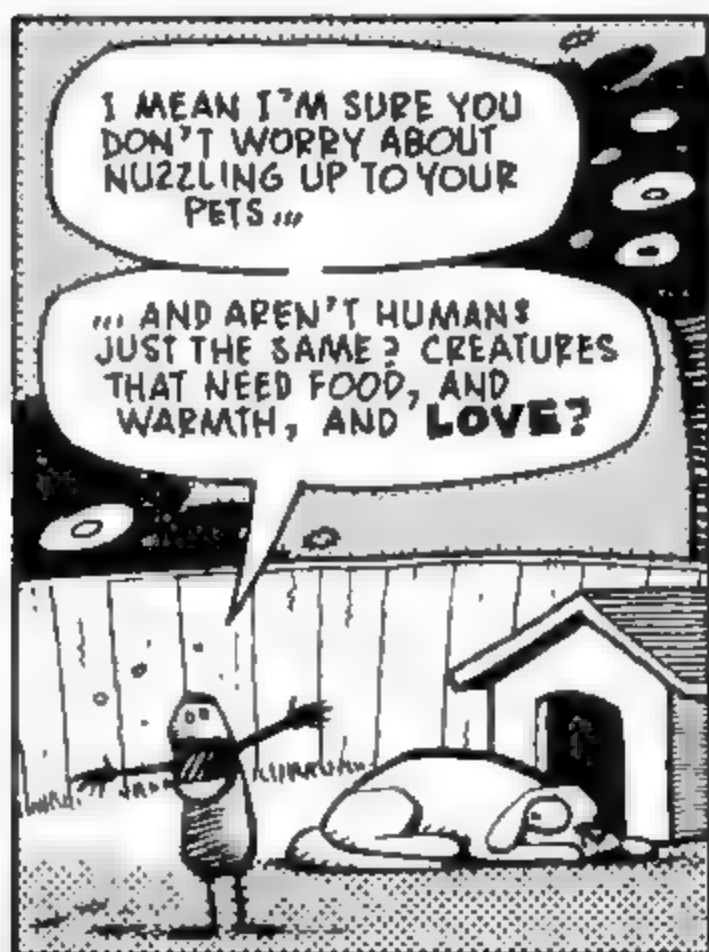






THE FRIENDLY POOH

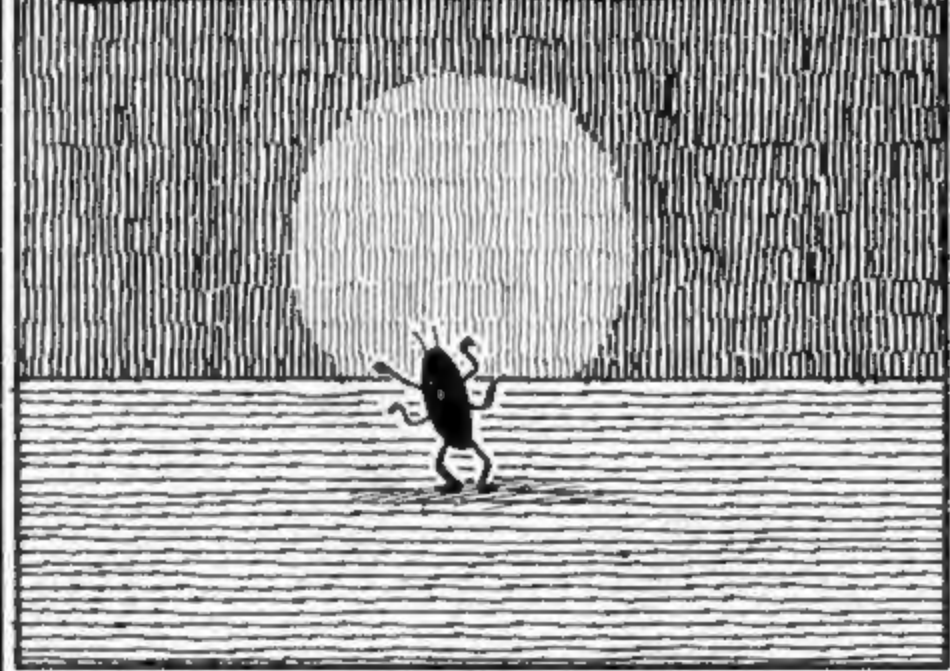
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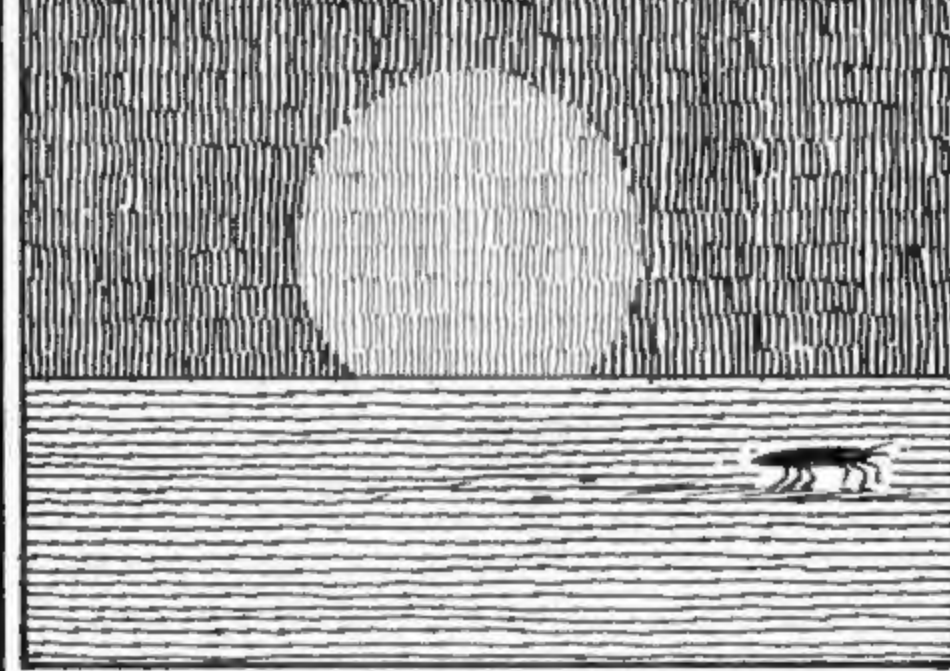
ZOOT:

THE WORST THING ABOUT COCKROACHES

THE WORST THING ABOUT
COCKROACHES IS THAT THEY
ALWAYS LOOK AS IF THEY'RE
ABOUT TO BURST INTO SONG

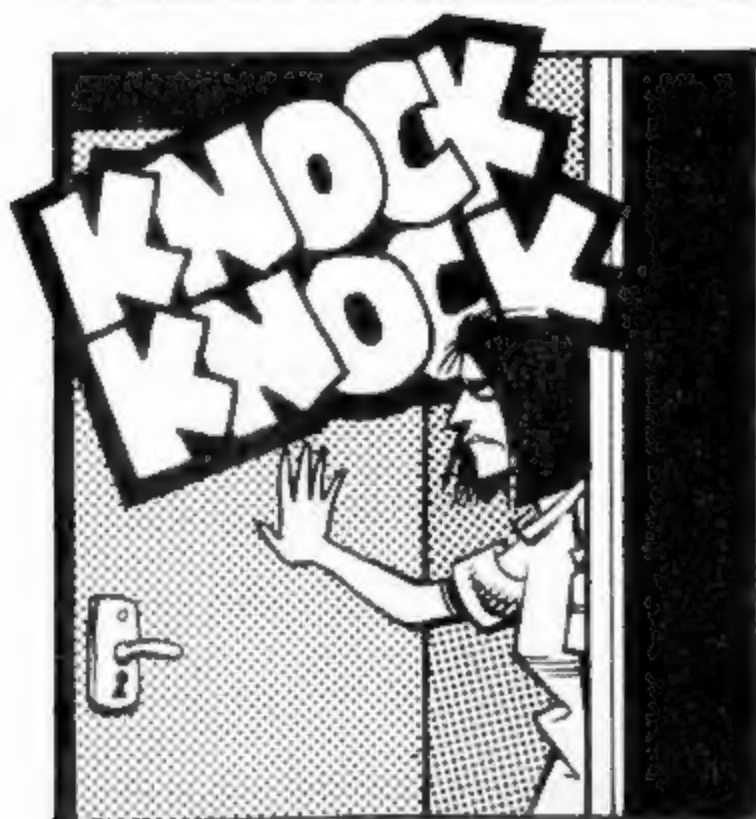


BUT THEY NEVER DO.



THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

The Redoubtable TARQUIN



BLACKMAIL III

YOU (YES, YOU! **MISTER READER**)
HAVE BEEN **VERY NAUGHTY**.
YOU HAVEN'T BOUGHT ANY BACK
ISSUES OF **ART d'ECCO** OR
ZOOT!, HAVE YOU?

OH. WELL, HAVE YOU
BOUGHT EXTRA COPIES
FOR YOUR ELDERLY
RELATIVES AND
HOUSEHOLD PETS?

AH, I THOUGHT
AS MUCH, WELL!!!



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